

A Single Floating Petal

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Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé¬½

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Chizuru Y.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-05-06 05:04:24

Updated: 2012-05-19 06:52:23

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:31:38

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,385

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Father always used to say I was like water, always moving on. So many things happened that I thought I could never flow again. But when I saw him...I knew that I would do my best to stand by his side. Based on Memoirs of a Geisha. Takes place in 1930's.

1. Chapter 1

**Hello! This is my first time writing a fanfic for the Hakuouki fandom. This was mostly inspired by _Memoirs of a Geisha, _and the plot will be similar. The story will also take place in the 1930's-WWII Japan, Showa Era, etc.

>Enjoy!
Disclaimer: Hakuouki does not belong to me.**

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><p>At first, nothing seemed out of the ordinary in my life.</p>

I was Yukimura Chizuru, daughter of the doctor Kondo in a small village. The year was 1930, and I was twelve years old when it all began.

My father had gone missing one fall afternoon, and I was left alone in the house.

The trees were yellow and orange, with a carpet of leaves heaped on the ground. Our house was built in the traditional style, and for the most part my father didn't care about following the future of the country. The year was 1929, and many of the old traditions were being forgotten. While all his other co-workers were wearing western suits, he still wore a kimono to work, and to wherever else he went.

Most of the time, I was left at home. All the other girls in the village dreamed of marrying someone they loved and always spoke about the latest fashion and gossip, and they all wanted to move to some more important city like Kyoto or Tokyo.

Because I didn't share any of their tastes, I didn't speak to them very often.

>So I really was alone for the most part in my childhood.<p>

A visitor came to our home that day. It was Ryojun Mastumoto, a fellow doctor who was friends with my father.

"Matsumoto-San, is there something you need?" I bowed.

"Ah, Chizuru, it's something quite important. Tomorrow, someone will be here to meet you. You must do what they say, and look your best." I was surprised at first. Someone important was going to meet me? Hardly anyone ever knew Yukimura Kondo had a daughter.

His usually gentle expression was gone, and his face was creased and serious. As if he was worried for me. If that was the case, he was hiding it.

"Will something bad happen if I don't?" I asked rather childishly, playing with the fabric of the soft pink kimono I wore that day, lips pressed together tightly as I held my head high to meet his gaze.

He smiled, like he always did.

"Just do your best."

* * *

><p>Someone did arrive the very next day. His name was Itou Kashitarou, and at first he terrified me with his sly smile and eyes that followed my every move. He had long black hair that fell a bit over his shoulders, and moved in an elegant manner.<p>

"Yukimura Chizuru?"

"Y-yes." His smile only grew wilder. I was so afraid that I couldn't look anywhere else, because I feared that he might notice something wrong I might be in trouble. After all, Matsumoto-San didn't say anything about anything bad _not _happening.

A slender finger tapped his chin as he tilted his head slightly to the left, still observing me.

"A very pretty young girl, Matsumoto was right!" He stood from his kneeling position, and stepped forward.

"Please come with me." By now I was horrified enough to scream, standing to run but landing backwards on my bottom. I squeezed my eyes tight, praying that this was all a bad dream and that I would wake up soon.

"There's nothing to be afraid of! Your life will be more extravagant, instead of living in this old house. You'll wear fine clothing, and become very famous, just by how lovely of a girl you appear!" His voice was encouraging, trying to draw me in. My shaking hand was caught by his and I gasped, teary eyes opening to his unchanging sly face.

In the end, I was led away from our home. Although I remembered that

my father was waiting, and I did use it as an attempt to let me stay, he raised an eyebrow, still leading me away, and said that he was dead.

That was when my tears fell like two waterfalls down my cheeks. Itou didn't do much to comfort me aside a few apologies and words of comfort. As I later learned in the ride in what he called a 'car', his patience grew thin and he harshly told me to stop crying, or something truly terrible would happen to me. I did, rubbing my red eyes and looking out the window.

This would be the last time I ever saw my village.

This would be the last time I ever saw the place I was born.

This would lead me into a new life.

* * *

><p>Thank you for reading! Please review!

2. Chapter 2

Hello! Sorry for the late updates- school is almost ending and I've been busy. Thank you for everyone who's viewed my story so far!

* * *

><p>I, Yukimura Chizuru, had been sold to an okiya in the bustling city of Kyoto.

I was still horrified when Itou handed me over to a strict-faced woman who wore a kimono the shade of copper and an obi the color of light green.

As the Itou left and drove away in the car, she pulled me rather roughly from where I stood and led me into the _okiya_, pushing me forward with the back of her hand before slamming the door shut.

She bent down and cupped my cheek, examining my face with her sharp eyes.

>The lady was beautiful, but looked too angry for anyone to notice at a first glance.<p>

"Yukimura Chizuru...indeed, you are one of the lovelier ones, but we have a few already. You're going to have to do more than enough to impress me, girl." The voice that came out of her red lips was elegant, but frightening. I nodded, doing my best to stop the tears from falling.

Seemingly satisfied, she released her hold on me and was about to leave the room, when the door to the left side of the wall slid open, revealing a very lovely girl.

I was struck odd because of how similar she and I looked. Except, I could never be as beautiful as her...her lips, painted red, were curved in a calm smile and her eyes were wide and focused on me as if I was a jewel.

"The new arrival! You really _did _get her for me, Okaa-San!" The lady called 'Okaa-San' looked scornfully at the girl before going into the courtyard entrance.

She scurried to my side, mouth open in a joyful circle as she turned her head one side to the other, looking at me from every angle. Why did she find me so fascinating? I was only the daughter of a doctor, plain and simple.

"You're Chizuru, aren't you? It's been so long! I am Kaoru, your twin sister." She smiled like an angel, eyes with the demure of a goddess.

My...sister? I felt my mouth opening and closing in rapid movements, as I stared at the floor.

"I-"

>"But don't worry! We'll get along, won't we? Dear sister, as long as you don't get in my way, I'll always look after you!" She took my hand in hers, still smiling.<p>

It was the only time I could see Kaoru as a kind person.

* * *

><p>Later that evening, I met another girl, who Okaa-San seemed to like the most. Maybe I shouldn't say 'like', because she still spoke angrily, but her face was softer and less creased.<p>

Her name was Kosuzu, and I felt much more at peace around her than Kaoru. Kosuzu was much more quieter, and much less haughty than Kaoru acted. Her movements were much more genuine and her smile was smaller, more softer. Like a gentle flower.

Kaoru watched her with disdain as she politely introduced herself. I had the feeling that Kosuzu was her bitter rival, or something of the sort. Her words were filled with hate and her eyes of flaming rage whenever Kosuzu spoke directly to her, and the other girl would keep her eye contact away and spoke as quickly as possible.

"See that? That's how I treat people who get in my way." Kaoru whispered to me before following Kosuzu down the hall. I bit my lip. I couldn't imagine how else Kaoru could treat Kosuzu.

Okaa-San assigned me chores as well. It started out simple, like washing the sandals or cleaning the plates.

>The next morning, Kosuzu told me that Okaa-San had left early on business, and that I was to buy some groceries in town.
"Kaoru is busy going to the hairdresser...she ruined her hair while sleeping last night." Her voice was quiet and gentle, her lower lip quivering.

>"I'm sorry for how she treats you. It must be awful." I said.<p>

"Please don't trouble yourself over it. Or else she might harm you as well." The look in her eyes was sad as she gave me one last smile before going away.

>The marketplace was crowded, and people dressed in both western and

kimono bustled wherever they went.
The side of the path walk which had less people on it was the entrance of an alley. There I made my way through the crowd to catch my breath. My hand clutched around the purse which held the money and the list, with the other holding the bag of the vegetables I already bought.

"Little girl, are you lost?"

>"If you come with us, we'll give you a ride home!" I shook, and forced myself to turn.
There, in the back of the alleyway, were two men, both fat and intoxicated, as one had an empty bottle of sake in his hand.

"A-ah-I was-"

>"No need to explain." One slowly began to walk in his drunken stupor towards where I stood, a sly smile appearing on his ugly face.<p>

"Please, don't-!" I shrieked, hoping that by chance someone could hear me through the clamor of the crowd. It was too late, as his hand had caught my arm.

"Leave her alone, thugs!" A boyish voice broke the sound of my shaky breath and the man's drunken noises.

Looking to the left, I saw a boy in a plain, forest green kimono with tousled, russet hair marching towards us.

"Whaddaya want, punk?" The other man stepped in between us.

"What's with you, taking advantage of people who don't do anything wrong? Don't you have any common sense?" The boy yelled, sky blue eyes flashing with anger.

"If there's anyone here without common sense, it's you, kid!" He grabbed him by the collar. I shut my eyes, fearful for the boy's life, when-

>"Heh. Your mother never told you not to hurt kids, huh?"
"Wha-"
The other man screamed, and fell to the stone ground in a _thud_.

"Why, you little-" The man who held my hand started towards the boy, who was grinning and cracking his knuckles.

"You wanna go, old man?" He flashed a white smile as he swung his fist against the man's chest, sending him flying against the wall of the alley.

"Agh...don't think...this is over-GAH!" Slumped against the wall, the boy kicked him in the stomach multiple times until the man's head fell down, unconscious.

"Heh, that's what they get." My unlikely savior smiled victoriously before looking back at me.

>"Sorry about that. They're just lousy punks who get drunk and all of that."
"Um...thank you." I bowed clumsily. I didn't know much of the boys back home, so I never really spoke to one.

>"It's no problem...uh..."
"Chizuru. Please call me Chizuru." The boy ran a hand through his messy hair, a tint of red appearing on his sun-kissed cheeks.

"Alright, Chizuru...I'm Heisuke."

* * *

><p>Heisuke was the son of a local vegetable merchant. He said that things were 'getting boring', so he left the store and looked around for something fun to do, which eventually brought him to the alley.</p>

"What's a girl doing out here alone, anyway?" He asked, after swallowing a piece of the dango bought at a sweets stall.

"I was sent to do errands..." My dango had been finished. It felt like forever since I had sweets.

"Well, whoever sent you should've at least let someone come with you! You don't look like you know your way around here...no offense."

"Ah, no. Everyone there is busy, and they've been taking care of me, so this is the least I could do." We crossed a street as soon as the remaining clouds of dust from the car disappeared.

"Still..." The side of his mouth folded, his gaze on the stick of dango deep in thought. Was he really worried about me that much?

"It's my first time here in the market...I knew I shouldn't have been reckless..."

>"You're right, it's really stuffed here with people, and you don't know what people are gonna do. Say, next time you come, go to that vegetable store right across from that fabrics dealer; that's my father's." He jabbed his pointer finger at a store, but drew it back after he caught sight of the multitude of people crowded around it.
"Ha! Business looks like it's going well." He chuckled. Out of nowhere, I felt my back being pushed forward.

"Oh-!" Heisuke caught me in a stroke of good luck before my face collided with the dirt ground.

>"You ok?" I took his hand.</p>

"Yes, thank you, _again_." He snickered.

"Sheesh, are all girls always getting themselves hurt or something?" I made a face of mock surprise.

>"Why, that's a terrible thing to say!" A moment of silence came in between us.</p>

Then, the two of us couldn't keep our faces as we broke into laughter.

For my second day in a new place, starting a new life, I didn't think awful of it at all.

* * *

><p>Thank you for reading! Please review!

End

file.